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432 Sqdn, 17th Bomb. Gp.  
A.P.O. 650, 76 Postmaster N.Y.C.



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Censored by:  
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Hiya Folks,

Here 'tis Sunday - and here I am, right on schedule for the first time in over a month, I guess. - As seldom as I ever write when I'm supposed to, I don't know why I persist in calling Sunday "my schedule!"

It's pretty late at night now, (8:15 P.M. or 20:15 to you) and I've been all day "intending" to write this letter!! - I got started reading a book this morning and it was so good I couldn't make myself put it down. Guess it's just as well tho. for I don't know too much to write.

I'm grounded again - same old trouble - a touch of dysentery or what have you. - Imagine - all my life I've had to take stuff to make myself "go" - and once overseas,



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my perennial trouble seems to be getting something to slow me down! - Oh, well, such is life! - I've been bothered with it off and on for a week now - and every time I think I'm cured - bang! - it's back again! - I've been on flying status all along but today, "Doc" decided to ground me and insists that I lay around, not exerting myself at all. - A hard thing to do! Ha! - Anyway - I've got enough missions to afford to lay off, so you don't find me kicking too much. Think I will be O.K. in another day or two - and then my little bubble will burst and I'll be a working man once more - looking at those strange black puffs that seem to get near our plane sometimes! -

Did I ever tell you we got a new roomer in our tent? - And of all things, his one of the few individuals I've ever run into since being in the Army who is from D.C.! - No, he's not

a native either, but he has lived there about 8 years - and claims the place. - Anyway - he is married - a girl from Alexandria, and today he received a radiogram he is a father! Such goings on you've never seen. - He said he knew it was due around the middle of March, - but as he's just gotten over here - thought it would be a couple of weeks before he heard! - His name is Wilford H. Troup and at present his wife is with her folks in Alex.

- Mon. Morning. -

Company came in last night. I mean, even more - for we already had some. - So with all the competition I had to put this little down. Was having a hard enough time keeping my mind on my writing with just a couple of guests - but when a couple more arrived - well - it ain't hardly possible, at all!

Got Mamma's + Sister's letters the other day. - The one you sent out together and was supposed to race. - Well,



4! They both got here within a day or two of each other, but for some unaccountable reason, Sister's regular one arrived first. - It's unheard of, for me to get a regular letter first - but I did!

Has quite a tale, Sister, about your visitor in your desk drawer! - Ha, - think maybe it was better the mouse was dead. - Can imagine your blood pressure being still out of bounds had the thing been alive and jumped at you! You should just live over here with us and our mice. - Think we must have the cleaning house for them in our tent. - But we never give them a second thought as long as they stay off of "us" when we are asleep! Occasionally I have awakened in the night to have them crawling around on top of the bed covers - and even I get mad at that!

Just had to knock off a few minutes and start our put put.

3! He had to have the valves ground  
the other day and it hasn't run  
right since. - Last night it just quit  
so this morning it required a bit  
of extra special attention. - He half  
dismantled it - but we got her to  
running - and the wonder - better  
than since it was worked on! - How  
I'll never know.

What's wrong with the big radio?  
Need tubes or something? Glad you have  
my little white one to fall back on  
for it is a pretty good one. How are  
things back there - can you get  
parts for things?

Don't know how much longer  
before we will hear something definite  
about what is required before going  
home. - Our replacements are sorta  
slow in showing up and they have  
changed the going home policy again.  
We had all sorta set a limit in our  
own minds - but now that a few have  
reached even that, - well, we are sorta



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interested in seeing if anything is going to happen. - In event something does, - well, - I'm close enough so that a few days sprinting will put me in too. - Actually tho, - we won't be surprised if nothing happens and we have to keep on going. - As much as we all hate it, guess there's nothing we can do about it, but keep on praying, crossing our fingers - and hoping. - Most of us would put in for a transfer to ATC or something, but don't suppose they would allow that anymore than us going home.

Everyone seems to be interested in our "ham". - Well, I'll tell you. - We cut it in half - and boiled half of it for about a whole day. - When we ate it, it was still pretty salty (yes, we even changed the water a couple of times, so there!) and the ingredients used in the local curing made it taste sorta queer. So with that - and Doc telling us about what diseases a ham could have,

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well, - we just sorta lost interest in it. - He fed some of it to Butch - and even he got the hiccups! - Anyhow, we ended up by throwing it away. The part we didn't cook is still being kicked around the tent, waiting for someone with gumption to throw it away also. after all. - it cost us \$5 plus about 4 packs of cigarettes! He haven't had a chicken in some time - but we have much better results with them!

I was going to send some of the pictures I took in nest camp - but this old letter seems to be acquiring quite a few pages as I go along so maybe I will wait until I write my next to send the pictures.

Better close now 'cause maybe I can write another letter to someone and be that much more caught up. - So for now - be good & keep 'em crossed. -

Lots of Love  
Frank